



#5

\$3.99

DOCTOR • WHO



WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM • \$3.99



8 27714 41821 7



DOCTOR WHO #5

WRITTEN BY GARY RUSSELL

ART BY MIRCO PIERFEDERICI

COLORS BY TOM SMITH

LETTERS BY AMAURI OSORIO

EDITS BY CHRIS RYALL AND SCOTT DUNBIER

IDW Publishing

Operations:

Moshe Berger, Chairman
Ted Adams, President
Clifford Meth, EVP of Strategies
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Controller
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
Lorelei Bunjes, Dir. of Digital Services
Marci Kahn, Executive Assistant
Alonzo Simon, Shipping Manager

Editorial:

Chris Ryall, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
Scott Dunbier, Editor, Special Projects
Justin Eisinger, Editor
Kris Oprisko, Editor/Foreign Lic.
Denton J. Tipton, Editor
Tom Waltz, Editor

Design:

Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Ben Templesmith, Artist/Designer
Neil Uyetake, Art Director
Chris Mowry, Graphic Artist
Amauri Osorio, Graphic Artist



Special thanks to Jordana Chapman and Anna Hewitt at BBC Worldwide, Russell T. Davies, and Marc Mostman for their invaluable assistance.

WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM

DOCTOR WHO #5. MAY 2008. FIRST PRINTING. © 2008 BBC Worldwide. Doctor Who logo™ and © BBC 1973. Tardis image © BBC 1963. Licensed by BBC Worldwide Limited. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe Street, San Diego, CA 92109. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

CUMBRIA, NORTH WESTERN ENGLAND. AINSWORTH POINT.

A PLACE OF AMAZING NATURAL BEAUTY. SO, WHY DOES NO ONE VISIT IT? WHY IS IT EMPTY OF LIFE?

THERE ARE STORIES OF COURSE, TALES THAT THE OCCUPANTS OF VILLAGES AND TOWNS SOME MILES DISTANT TELL THEIR CHILDREN TO MAKE THEM STAY AWAY.

MAYBE IT'S THE RUMOURS OF GHOSTS THAT STALK THE SEASHORE, SMUGGLERS LOOKING FOR LONG LOST 17TH CENTURY TREASURE, OR MAIDENS WASHED OUT TO SEA WHILST SEARCHING FOR THEIR YOUNG LOVERS AMIDST THE ROCKS AND BREAKWATER.

VREEEEEEEEEEEE
VREEEEEE

VREEEEEEEEEEEE
VREEEEEEEE

LESS FANCIFUL PEOPLE OFFER MORE GROUNDED REASONS, BUT THEY'RE UNIMAGINATIVE AND RATHER DOUR TYPES WHO THINK TELEVISION MARKS THE END OF CIVILISATION AND THE MOTOR CAR SHOULD BE THE PROVINCE OF THE RICH ALONE.

VREEEEE
VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

WEIRD THING IS, THOSE OLD DUFFERS ARE HALF-RIGHT. ALTHOUGH NOTHING TO DO WITH TV OR CARS, CIVILISATION MAY BE COMING TO AN END SLIGHTLY SOONER THAN THEY THINK.

THE REAL REASON NO ONE GOES NEAR AINSWORTH POINT IS BECAUSE SOMETHING REALLY, REALLY STRANGE IS GOING ON THERE. AND IT'S ABOUT TO GET EVEN STRANGER...

VREEEEEEEE



WELL, THAT WAS AN INTERESTING WAY TO TRAVEL, DOCTOR. GOTTA SAY, NOTHING'S EVER DULL WITH YOU THESE DAYS.

YEAH AND (OWN) I'M GLAD YOU SAID THAT BECAUSE (OWN AND MEGA-OWWW) I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE WE ARE. (DID I SAY OWWW?)



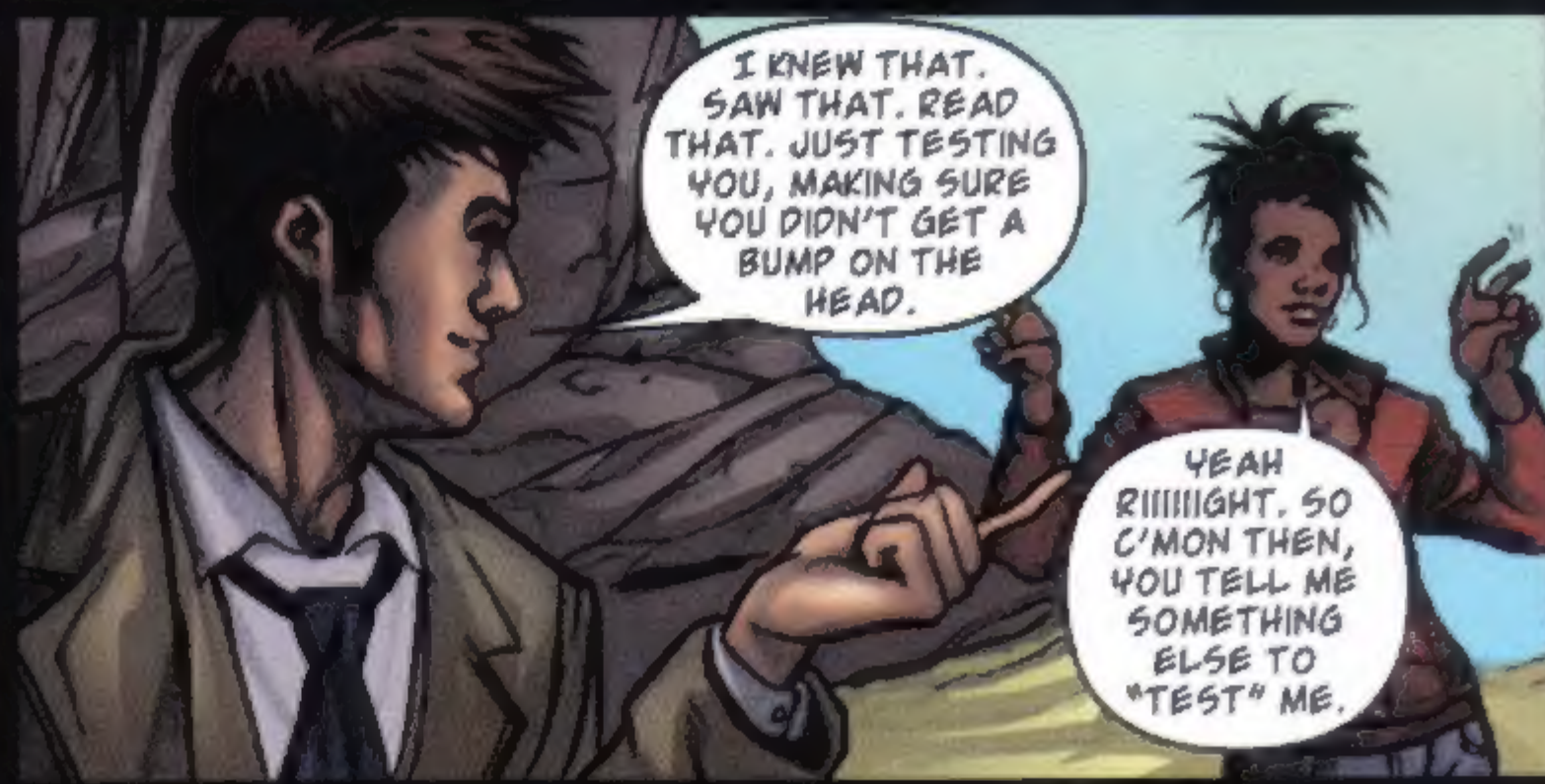
RIGHT, QUICK
RECCE THEN. POINT 1
— A BEACH. POINT 2 —
NOT TOO COLD, SO
SUMMERTIME. POINT 3 THE
UK OR AMERICA OR
AUSTRALIA AT
A GUESS.

OOH, OKAY,
I'LL BITE. HOW'D
YOU RECKON THAT,
THEN?



WARNING:
THIS LIFEBELT TO
BE USED IN AN
EMERGENCY ONLY.
DO NOT RELEASE
UNTIE KNOTS.

ELEMENTARY
MY DEAR
DOCTOR.



I KNEW THAT.
SAW THAT. READ
THAT. JUST TESTING
YOU, MAKING SURE
YOU DIDN'T GET A
BUMP ON THE
HEAD.

YEAH
RIIIIGHT. SO
C'MON THEN,
YOU TELL ME
SOMETHING
ELSE TO
"TEST" ME.



LISTEN...



I CAN'T HEAR...
ANYTHING. THAT'S
WEIRD. NOT EVEN THE
SEAGULLS ARE MAKING
A SOUND.



I WONDER
WHERE THARLOT
SENT US.

AND WHAT
THIS "LEASH" IS
WE HAVE TO FIND
SO WE CAN GET
BACK TO THE
TARDIS.

AND AVOID ANY
MORE UNHAPPY
LANDINGS!



NO!
MARTHA!

BLAM!

HALF A MILE FROM AINSWORTH POINT IS AINSWORTH HOUSE. REQUISITIONED BY THE MOD AT THE END OF THE WAR, AND STILL OCCUPIED BY THEM TWELVE YEARS LATER.

MINISTRY OF DEFENCE
ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
KEEP OUT



PLEASE...
HELP ME... SHE'S
BEEN SHOT!

NANCY! HELP
THE GIRL. MARY,
GET DOCTOR
GALAGHER,
NOW! AND A
STRETCHER.

BEEN...
A LONG
WALK...

YES,
DICKIE...



COMMODORE?
WE HAVE
GUESTS.

YES SIR, I
KNOW. BUT ONE'S
A GIRL, SHE'S
BEEN SHOT.

NO SIR,
NANCY'S DEALING
WITH HER RIGHT
NOW.

THANK YOU,
NANCY.

GOT A
PULSE, THANK
HEAVENS.



MAY I ASK,
SIR, WHERE THE
ACCIDENT TOOK
PLACE?

ON THE BEACH. WE
WERE JUST DOWN AT
THE SEASIDE...

ON THE BEACH?
AINSWORTH POINT? MAY I
ASK HOW YOU GOT THERE,
SIR? AND WHY YOU WERE
THERE AT ALL?



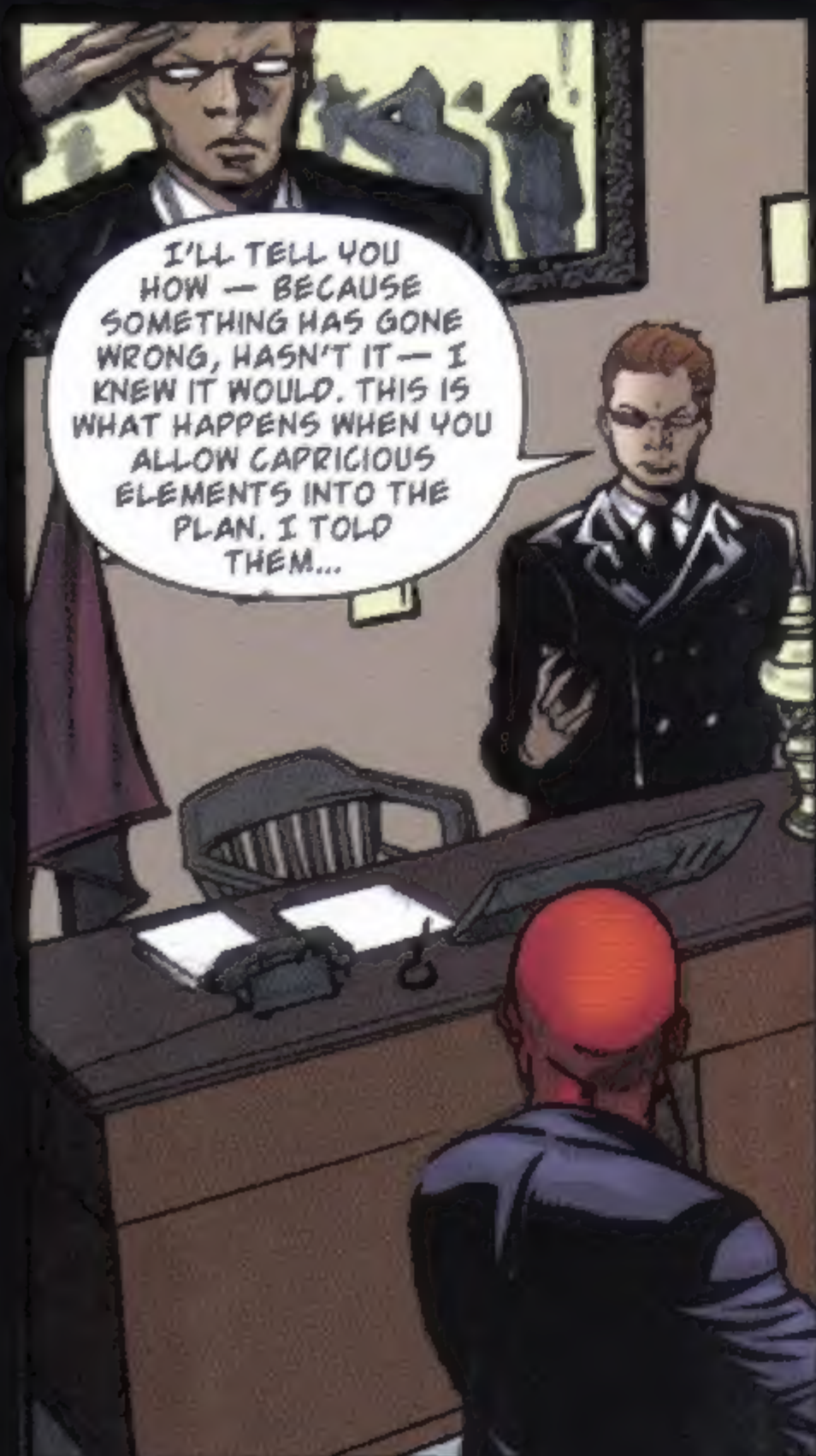
DOCTOR HAROLD
SULLIVAN, MINISTRY OF
DEFENCE. SENT UP FROM
REGEN'S PARK —
SUPPOSED TO BE
HUSH-HUSH, SURPRISE
INSPECTION.

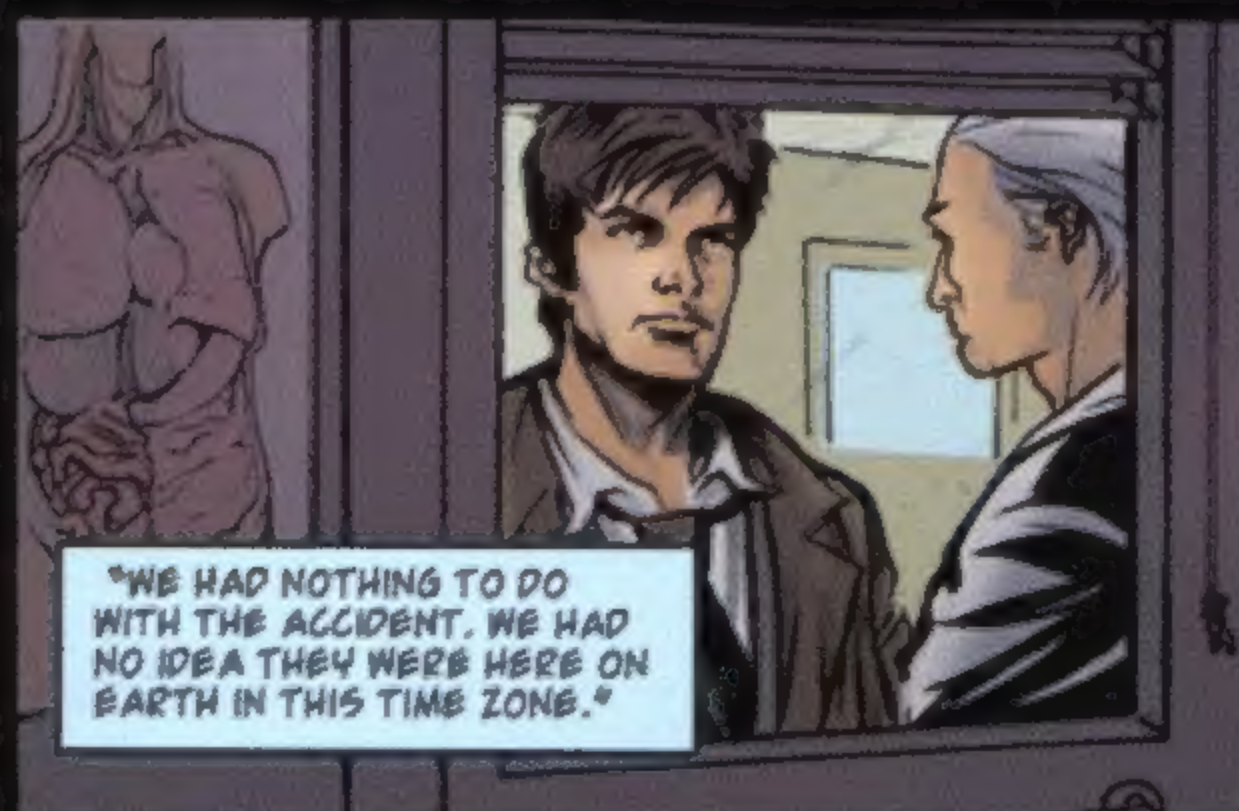


BE A PRETTY
USELESS SPOT
INSPECTION IF YOU
HAD WARNING,
WOULDN'T IT?

AND NOT AS
IRREGULAR AS
SHOOTING MY
ADJUTANT, MISS
JONES.

YOU BETTER
REPORT TO THE
COMMODORE, THEN,
DOCTOR. THIS IS
MOST... IRREGULAR.





"WE HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE ACCIDENT. WE HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE HERE ON EARTH IN THIS TIME ZONE."



I THINK WE SHOULD LET MISS JONES REST. I'M SURE NURSE NANCY IS LOOKING AFTER HER. I HAVE SOMETHING I NEED THE MINISTRY TO SEE.

BUT I WANT TO CHECK ON MARTHA AND—



LOOK, IT'S ALL HUSH-HUSH, AS YOU KNOW, WHAT GOES ON HERE, BUT THE COMMODORE HAS SOME SECRET PROJECT AND... WELL, SOME OF THE CHAPS AND I...

CHAPS? YOU MEAN THERE'S MORE OF YOU HERE? ONLY, YOU KNOW, BIG PLACE LIKE THIS, I HAD NOTICED THERE JUST SEEMS TO BE YOU AND A COUPLE OF NURSES AND ORDERLIES AND FRANKLY, NOT MANY OTHER PEOPLE. WELL, I SAY NOT MANY, I ACTUALLY MEAN "NO OTHER PEOPLE". AND THAT SEEMS A BIT, WELL, WEIRD IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING SO.

THIS BEING A MILITARY RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT. NO WHITE SUITED SCIENTISTS, NO UNIFORMED MEN POINTING GUNS AT ME. NOT EVEN A JOLLY LADY IN A SMOCK PUSHING A TEA TROLLEY. I LIKE A TEA TROLLEY NOW AND AGAIN, BUT I HAVEN'T HEARD THE SOUND OF ANY OTHER LIFE AT ALL.



CARE TO EXPLAIN?

I SHOULD SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN.

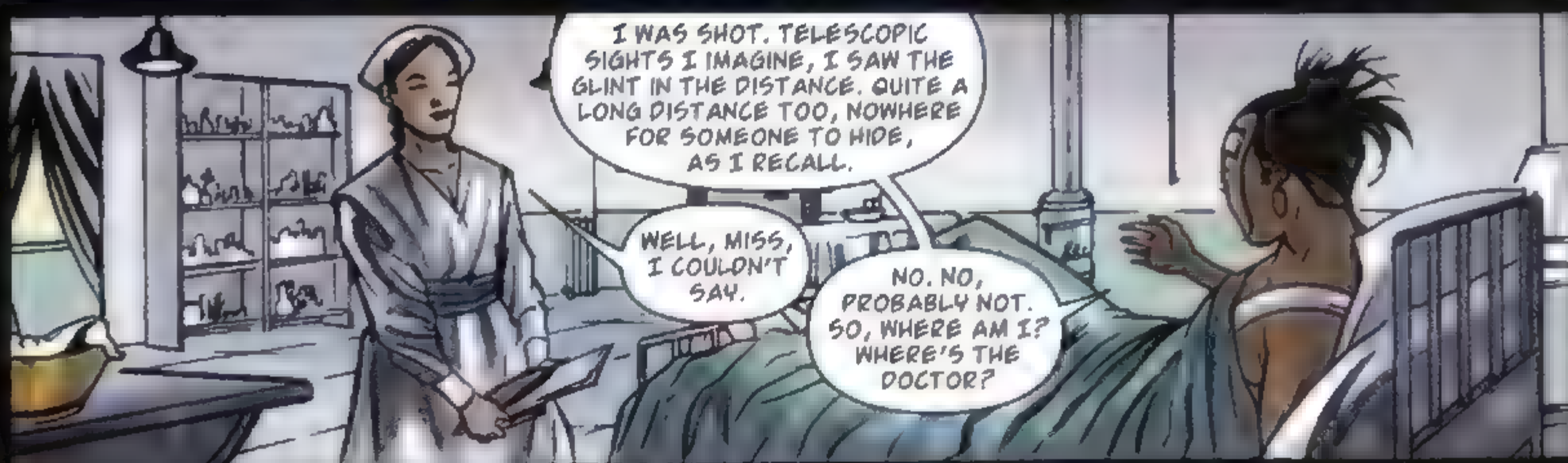
BUT MARTHA... I THINK I ...

GOSH, HOW UNFEASIBLY STRONG YOU ARE FOR SUCH A SLIGHT MAN, MISTER RAWLINGS...





YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS JONES? YOU TOOK A NASTY KNOCK.



I WAS SHOT. TELESCOPIC SIGHTS I IMAGINE, I SAW THE GLINT IN THE DISTANCE. QUITE A LONG DISTANCE TOO, NOWHERE FOR SOMEONE TO HIDE, AS I RECALL.

WELL, MISS, I COULDN'T SAY.

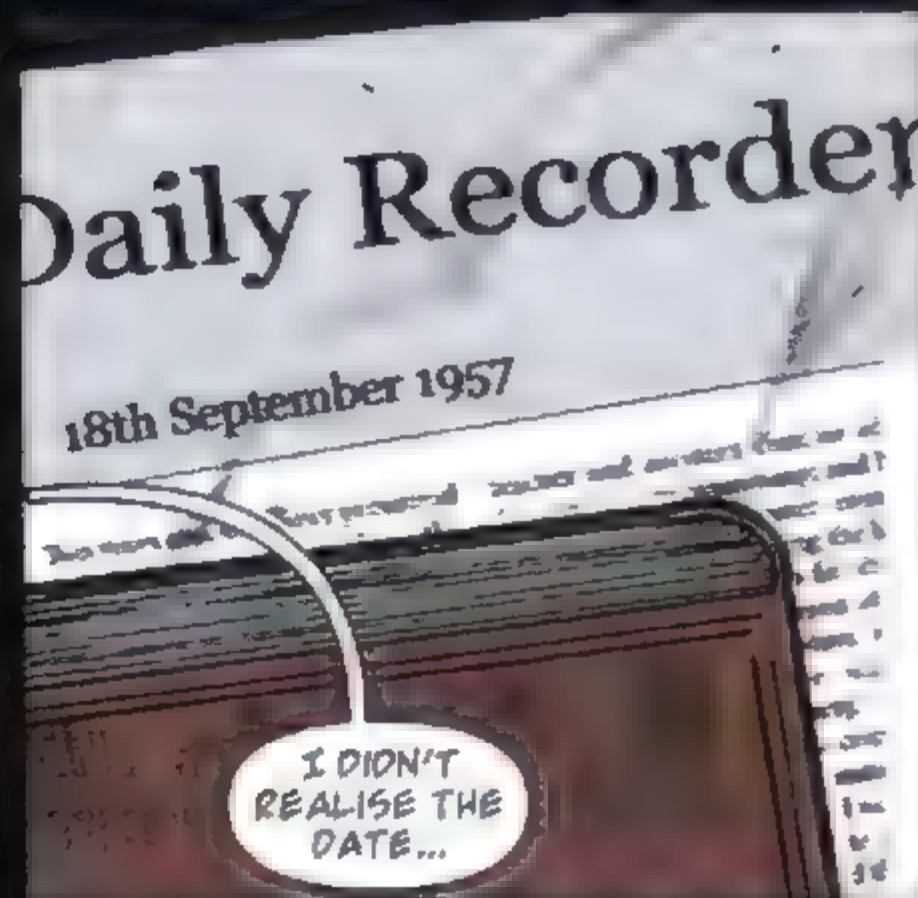
NO. NO, PROBABLY NOT. SO, WHERE AM I? WHERE'S THE DOCTOR?



DOCTOR GALAGHER WAS HERE, SAID YOU JUST NEEDED REST. YOU'LL HAVE A HEADACHE THOUGH. I BROUGHT YOU SOME MAGAZINES AND THINGS TO READ.

THANK YOU, YOU ARE VERY— OH!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MISS?

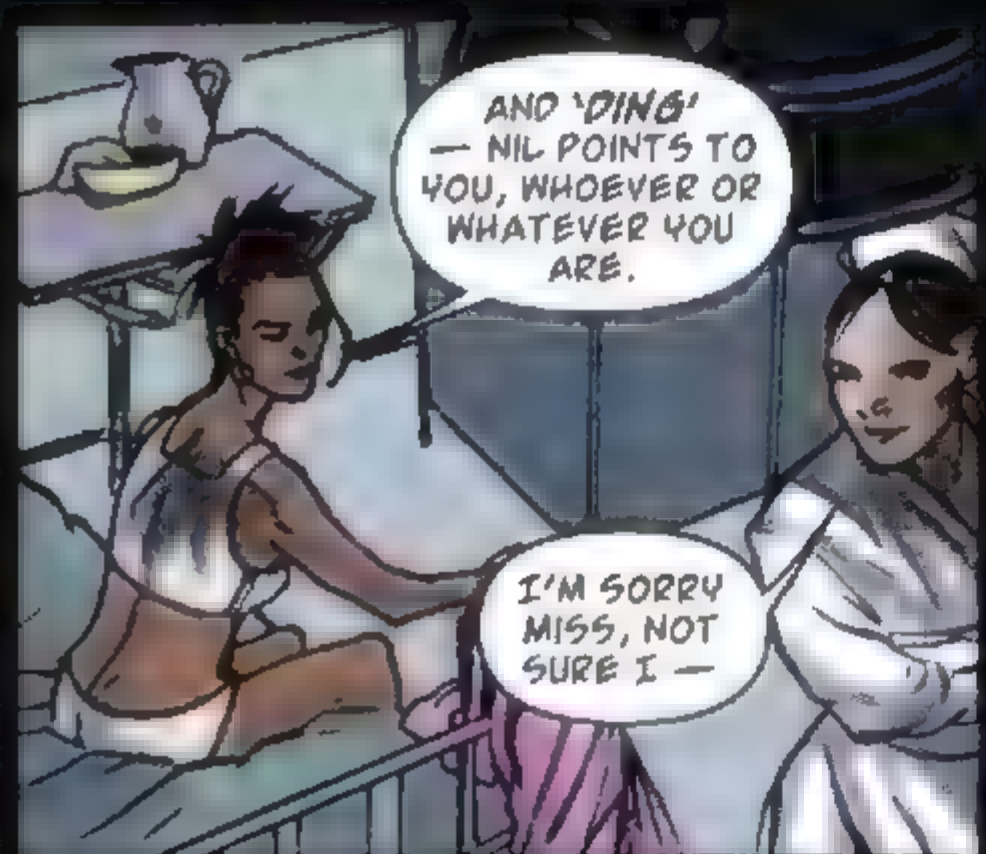


I DIDN'T REALISE THE DATE...



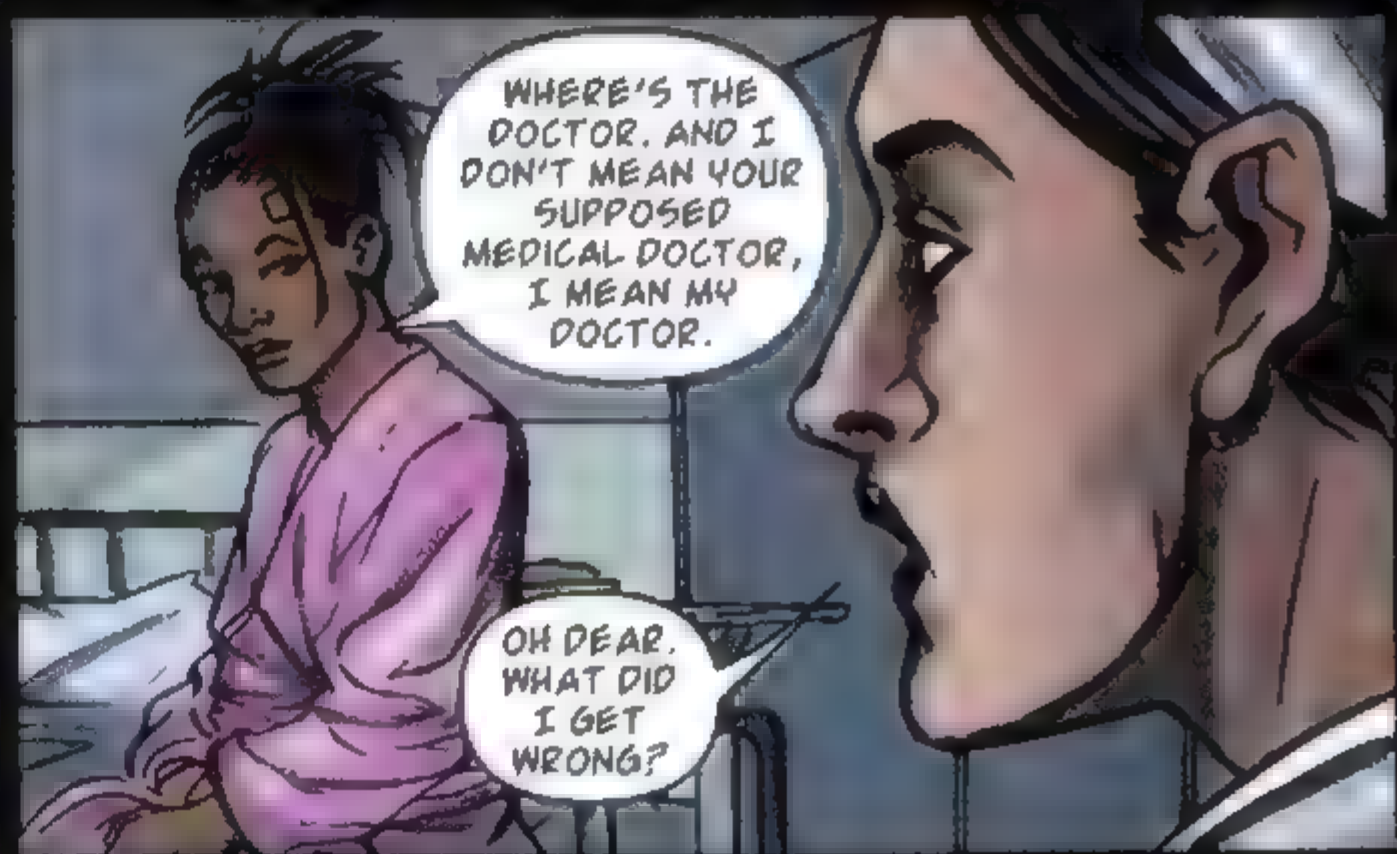
DID DOCTOR... GALAGHER WAS IT? DID HE GIVE ME PAINKILLERS? CO-CODAMOL? IBUPROFEN? SOMETHING FOR THE HEAD PAIN?

YES, I BELIEVE SO. I SHALL SEE IF I CAN FIND YOU SOME. WAIT.



AND 'DING'
— NIL POINTS TO
YOU, WHOEVER OR
WHATEVER YOU
ARE.

I'M SORRY
MISS, NOT
SURE I —



WHERE'S THE
DOCTOR. AND I
DON'T MEAN YOUR
SUPPOSED
MEDICAL DOCTOR,
I MEAN MY
DOCTOR.

OH DEAR.
WHAT DID
I GET
WRONG?



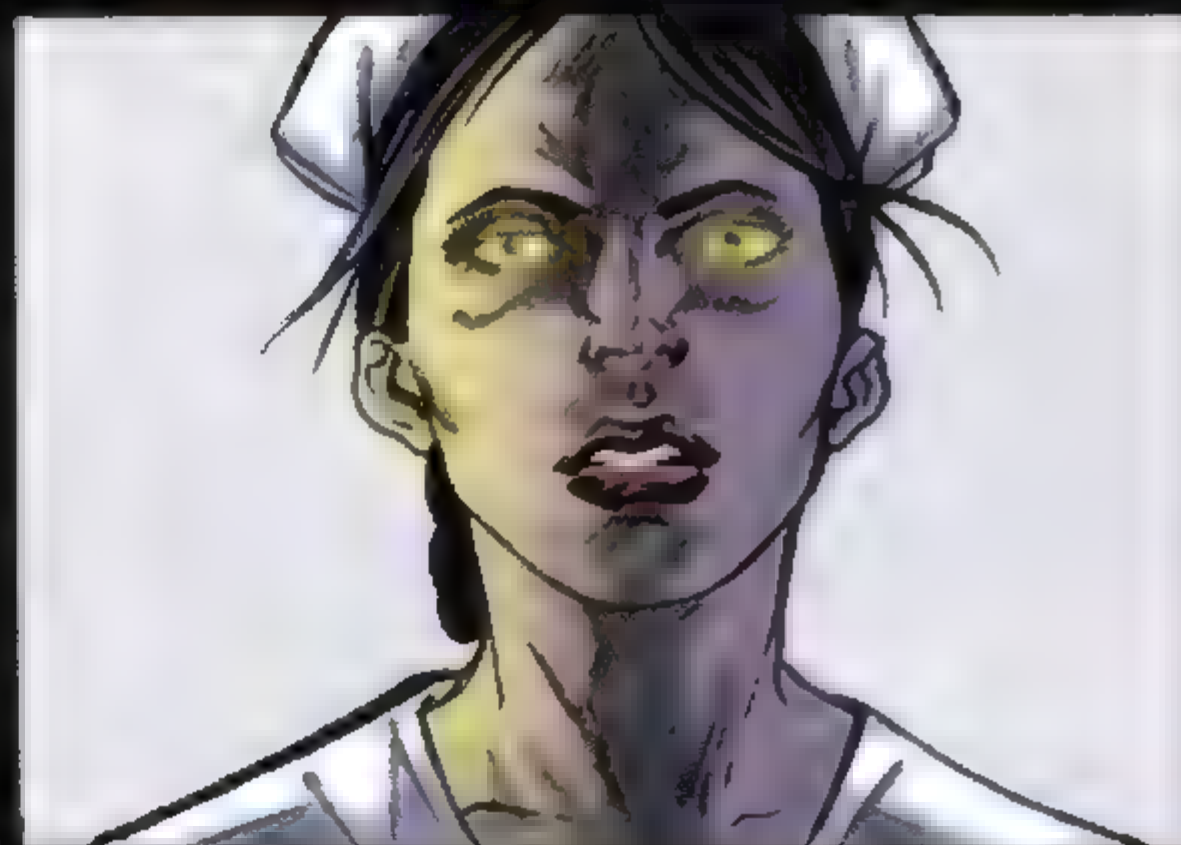
THAT AND
THE GLOWING
EYES, NURSE.
THEY'RE ALSO A
BIT OF A
GIVEAWAY, IT
HAS TO BE
SAID...

IBUPROFEN?
CO-CODOMAL? IN 1957?
YOU SHOULD'VE AT LEAST
ASKED ME WHAT THEY WERE,
COS YOU CERTAINLY WOULDN'T BE
ADMINISTERING THEM WILLY-NILLY.
AND I'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND
WITH THE DOCTOR TO SPOT
LITTLE CLUES LIKE THAT
LONG ENOUGH NOW.

AH WELL.
BLESS YOU,
MARTHA
JONES...



WHAT ON
EARTH...



AND THANK
YOU FOR THE
SECOND
CHANCES...



ON
SAVANNAH...
YOU WERE
THERE... IN THE
RUBBLE...

MEANWHILE...

EXPERIMENTAL
ROOM
DO NOT ENTER

AWWW,
THAT'S JUST A BIG
INVITATION TO PEOPLE
LIKE ME, MISTER
RAWLINGS. CAN I
GO IN?

I'M HAVING
SECOND THOUGHTS
ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR
SULLIVAN... THE FIFTH
FLOOR IS OUT OF BOUNDS
TO ANCILLARY STAFF
LIKE ME AND —

OH DON'T
WORRY, MISTER
RAWLINGS, I'LL
SORT IT OUT WITH
YOUR COMMODORE.
NOW WHAT HAVE
WE...

OH
BLIMEY...

OKAY, WASN'T
EXPECTING THIS. AND
I USUALLY EXPECT
MOST THINGS. I'M GOOD
AT EXPECTING. GOT A CUB
SCOUT PROFICIENCY
BADGE IN IT AND
EVERYTHING.



COURSE, I'VE GOT BADGES IN LOTS OF THINGS. STAMP COLLECTING, CYCLING, TAXIDERMY (NEVER KNEW WHY I NEEDED THAT, BUT I NEVER ARGUE WITH A MAN WITH A WOGGLE), FIRST AID AND PAN-DIMENSIONAL SONIC WEAPONARY THAT SHOULDN'T EXIST ON EARTH OUTSIDE THE 51ST CENTURY, AND CERTAINLY NOT THE 20TH.



AH! 51ST CENTURY! WAS THERE RECENTLY. WELL, TWICE RECENTLY. FIRSTLY ON SAVANNAH AND THEN ON OMPHALOS.

NOW, I LIKE COINCIDENCES AS MUCH AS THE NEXT PERSON, BUT SOMETIMES THEY SEEM A BIT... CONTRIVED.

WHO'S PULLING MY STRINGS, MISTER RAWLINGS?

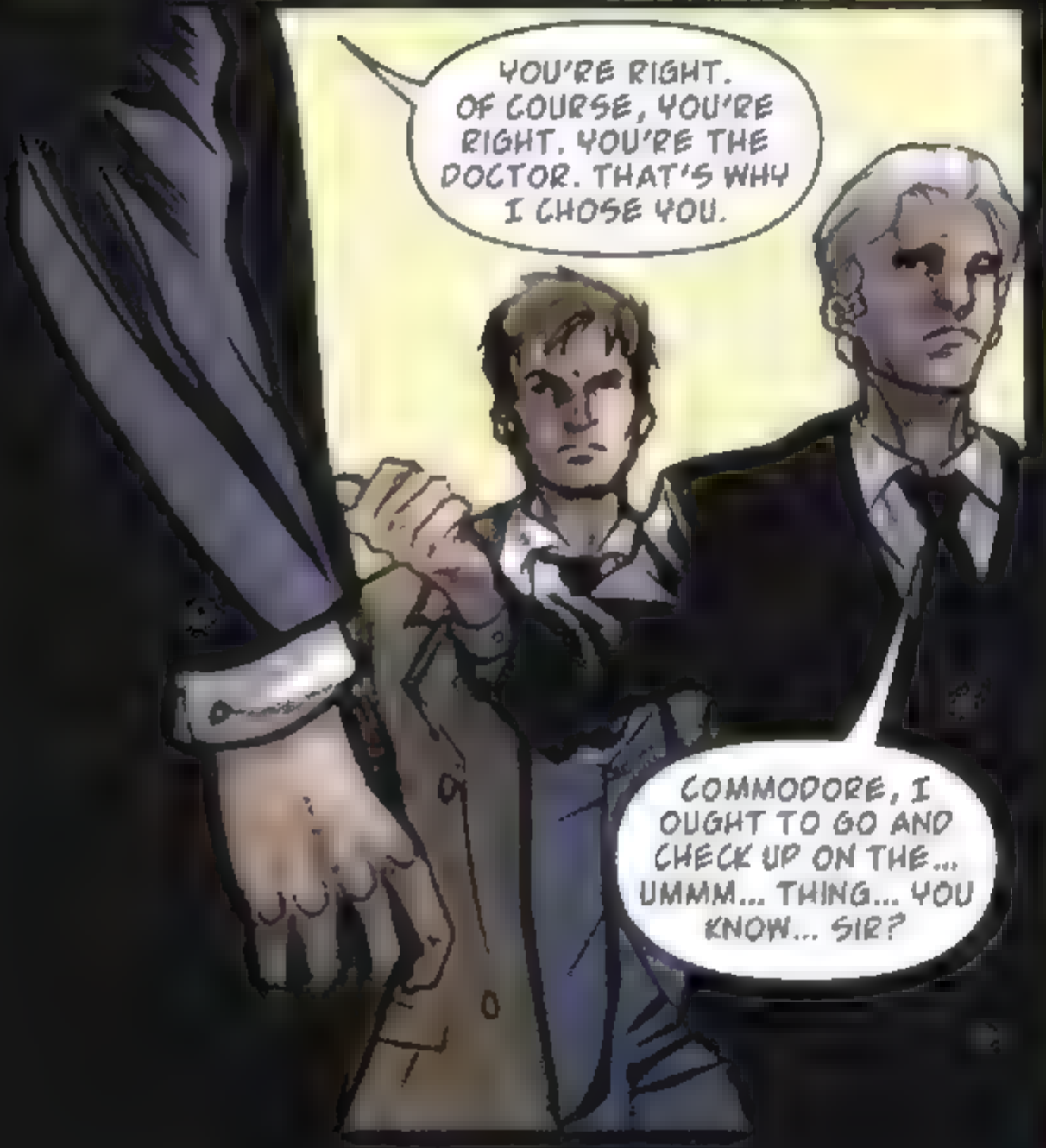


THAT'D BE ME. SILAS WAIN. COMMODORE WAIN IN FACT. PLEASSED TO MEET YOU.



HULLO. NICE UNIFORM. TOTALLY WRONG OF COURSE — SYNTHETIC FABRICS GIVE YOU AWAY, BUT EIGHT OUT OF TEN FOR EFFORT. SO, WHERE ARE YOU FROM? AND WHY HASN'T MISTER RAWLINGS HERE NOTICED.

AHH, BECAUSE HE KNOWS. BECAUSE THIS IS ALL A CHARADE. AND BECAUSE AS A LITTLE BLACK CAT ONCE TOLD ME, I'M JUST A LAB RAT. AND YOU, SILAS WAIN ARE, I'M GUESSING, CHIEF TESTER, YES? AM I RIGHT? PLEASE LET ME BE RIGHT. IF I'M WRONG, I'M GOING TO LOOK VERY FOOLISH.



YOU'RE RIGHT. OF COURSE, YOU'RE RIGHT. YOU'RE THE DOCTOR. THAT'S WHY I CHOSE YOU.

COMMODORE, I OUGHT TO GO AND CHECK UP ON THE... UMMM... THING... YOU KNOW... SIR?



LET'S GET COMFORTABLE.

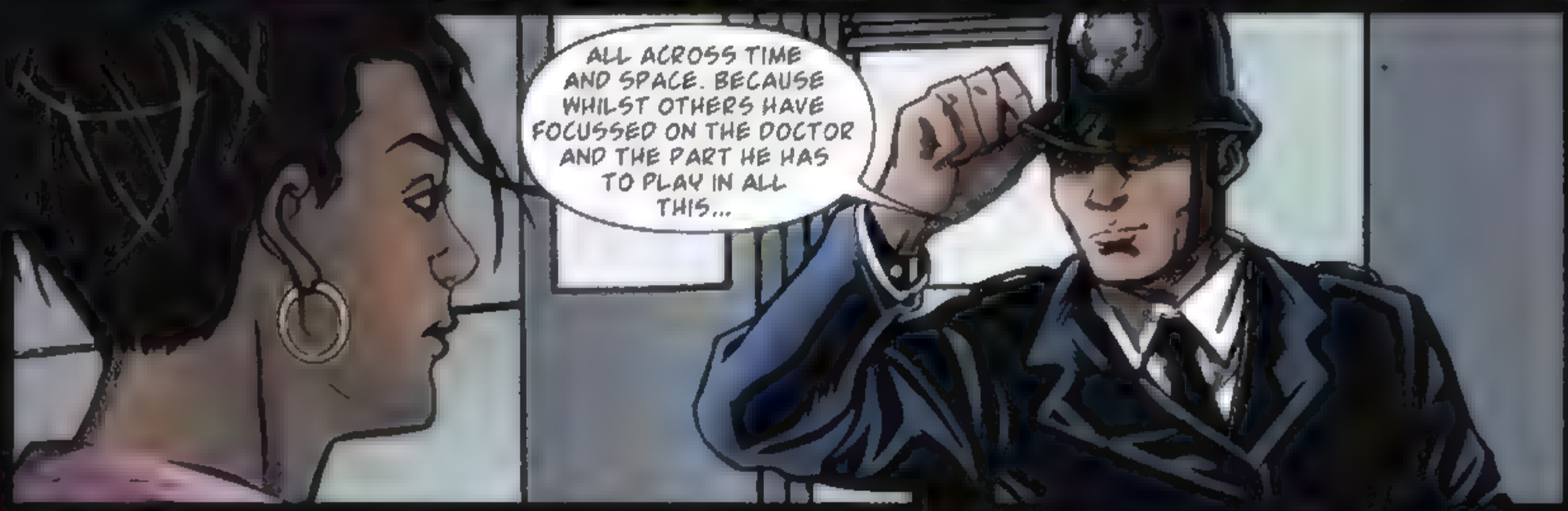
GOODBYE MISTER RAWLINGS, I THINK YOUR COMMODORE AND I NEED A LITTLE CHAT. IN PRIVATE.

YES SIR... ABSOLUTELY... SIR...

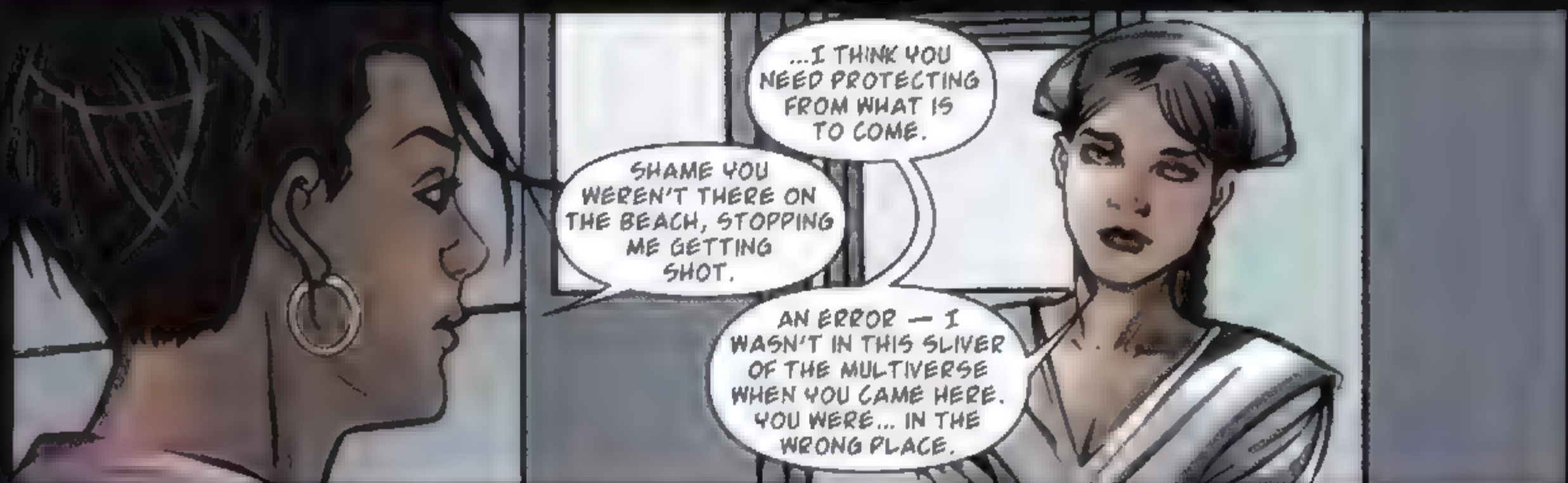




I HAVE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU FOR A LONG TIME MARTHA JONES.



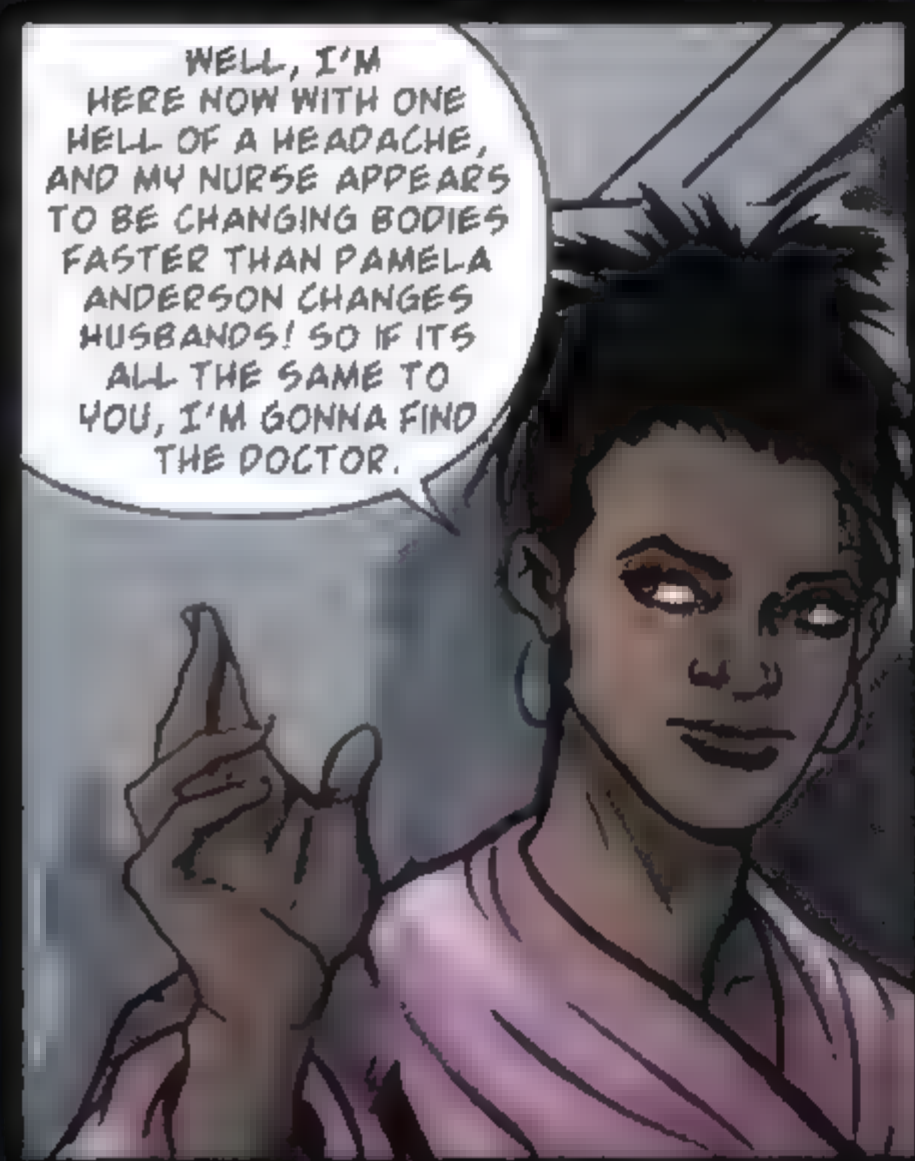
ALL ACROSS TIME AND SPACE. BECAUSE WHILST OTHERS HAVE FOCUSED ON THE DOCTOR AND THE PART HE HAS TO PLAY IN ALL THIS...



...I THINK YOU NEED PROTECTING FROM WHAT IS TO COME.

SHAME YOU WEREN'T THERE ON THE BEACH, STOPPING ME GETTING SHOT.

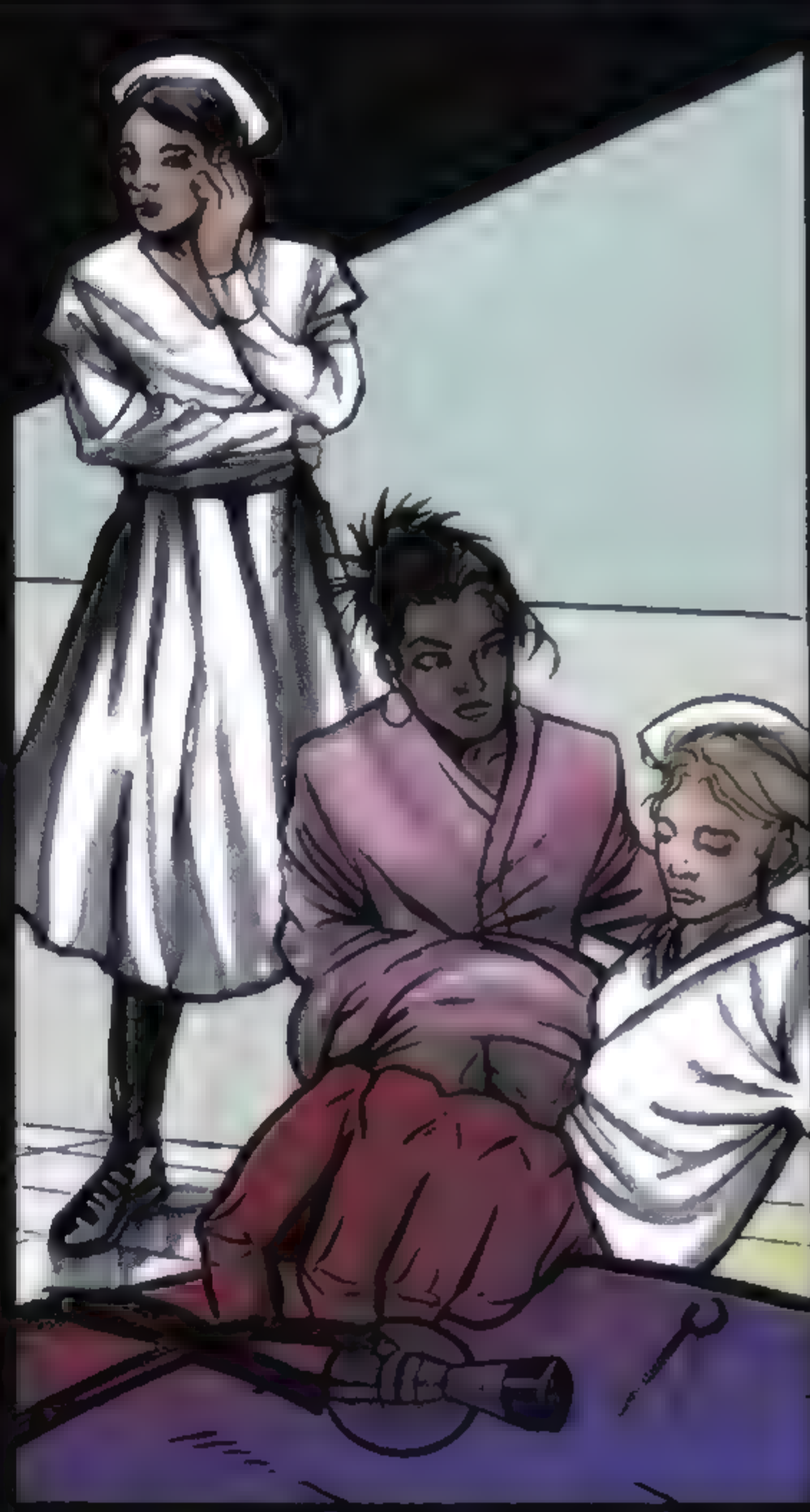
AN ERROR — I WASN'T IN THIS SLIVER OF THE MULTIVERSE WHEN YOU CAME HERE. YOU WERE... IN THE WRONG PLACE.

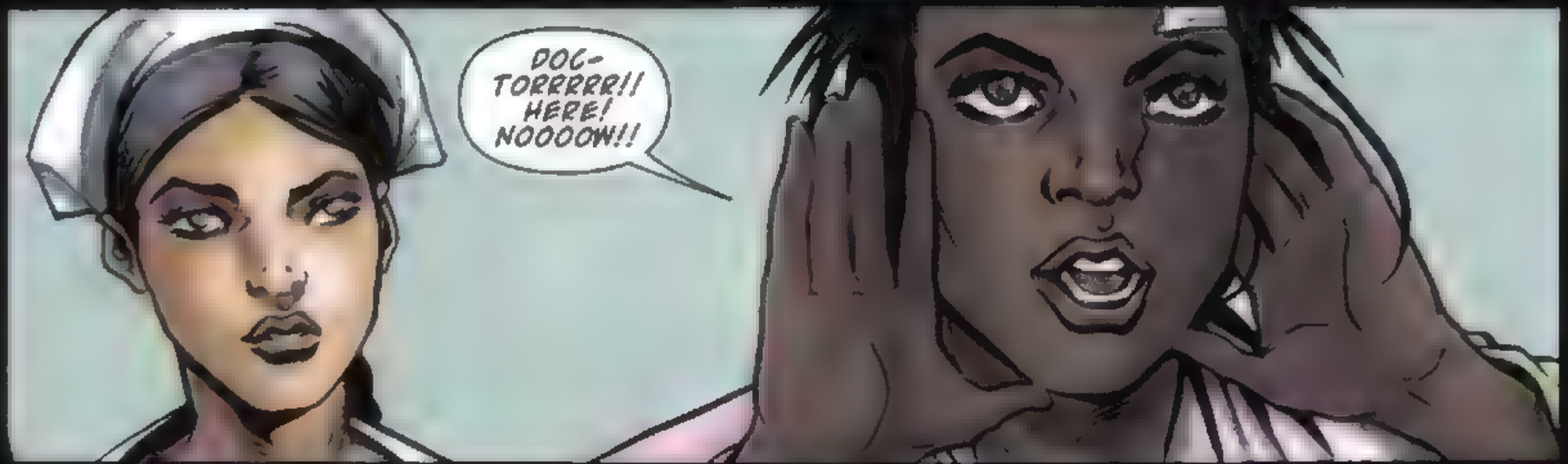
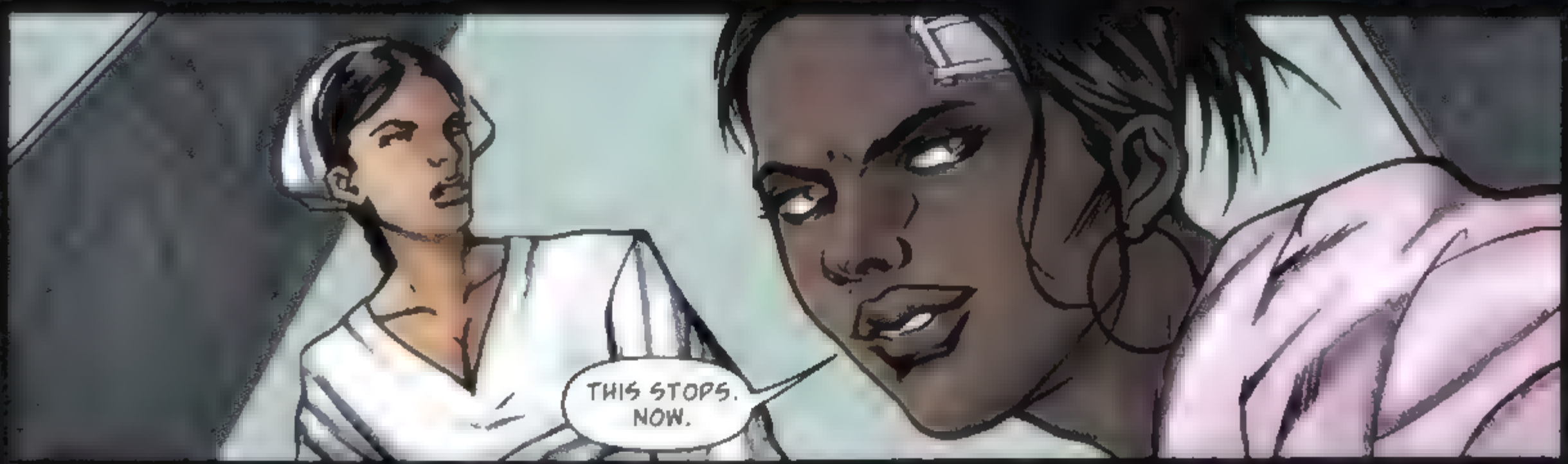


WELL, I'M HERE NOW WITH ONE HELL OF A HEADACHE, AND MY NURSE APPEARS TO BE CHANGING BODIES FASTER THAN PAMELA ANDERSON CHANGES HUSBANDS! SO IF ITS ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'M GONNA FIND THE DOCTOR.



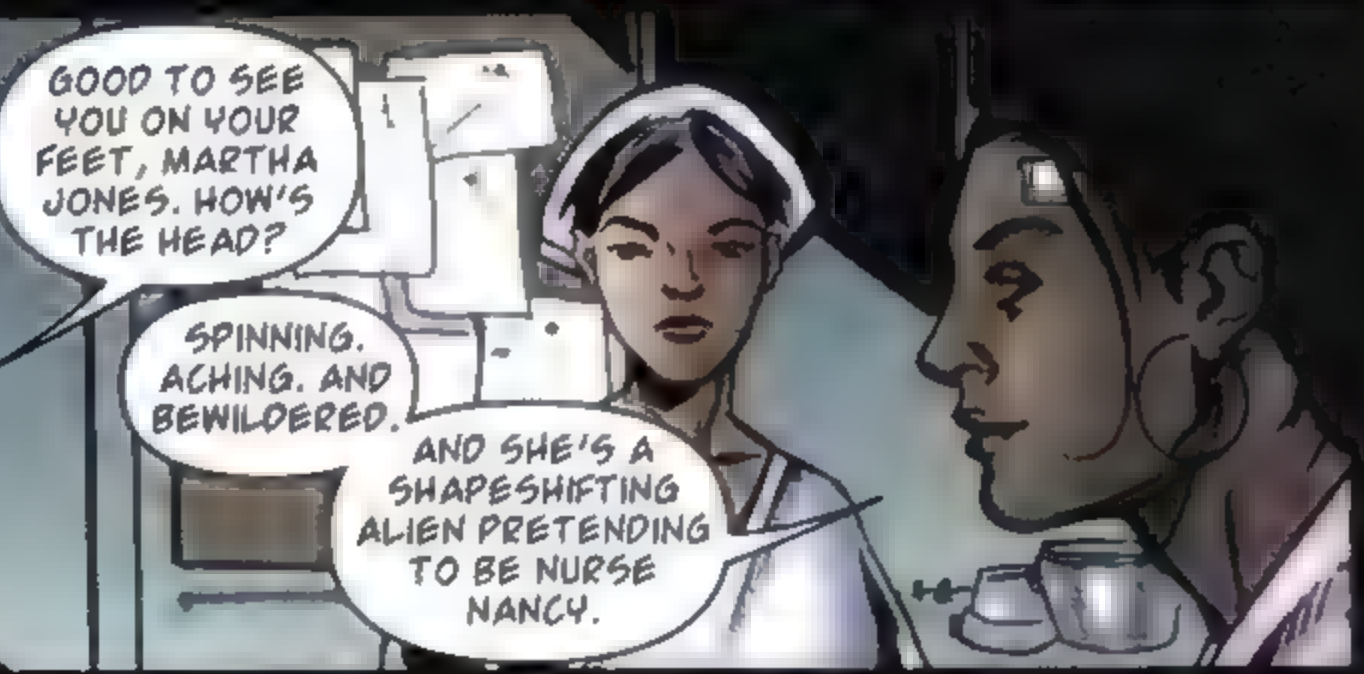
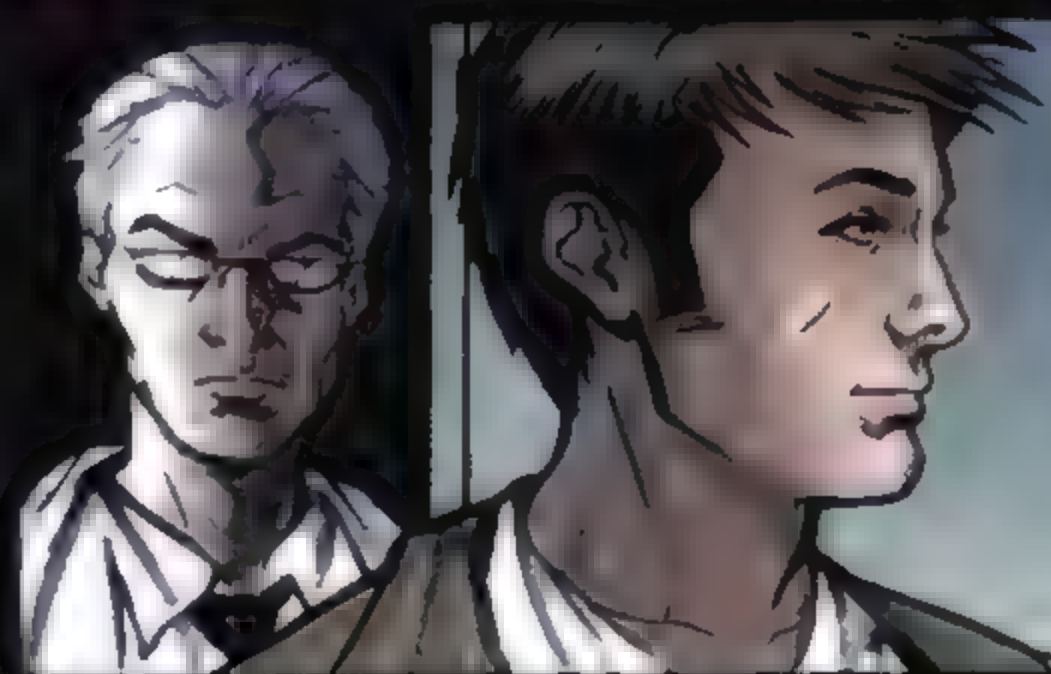
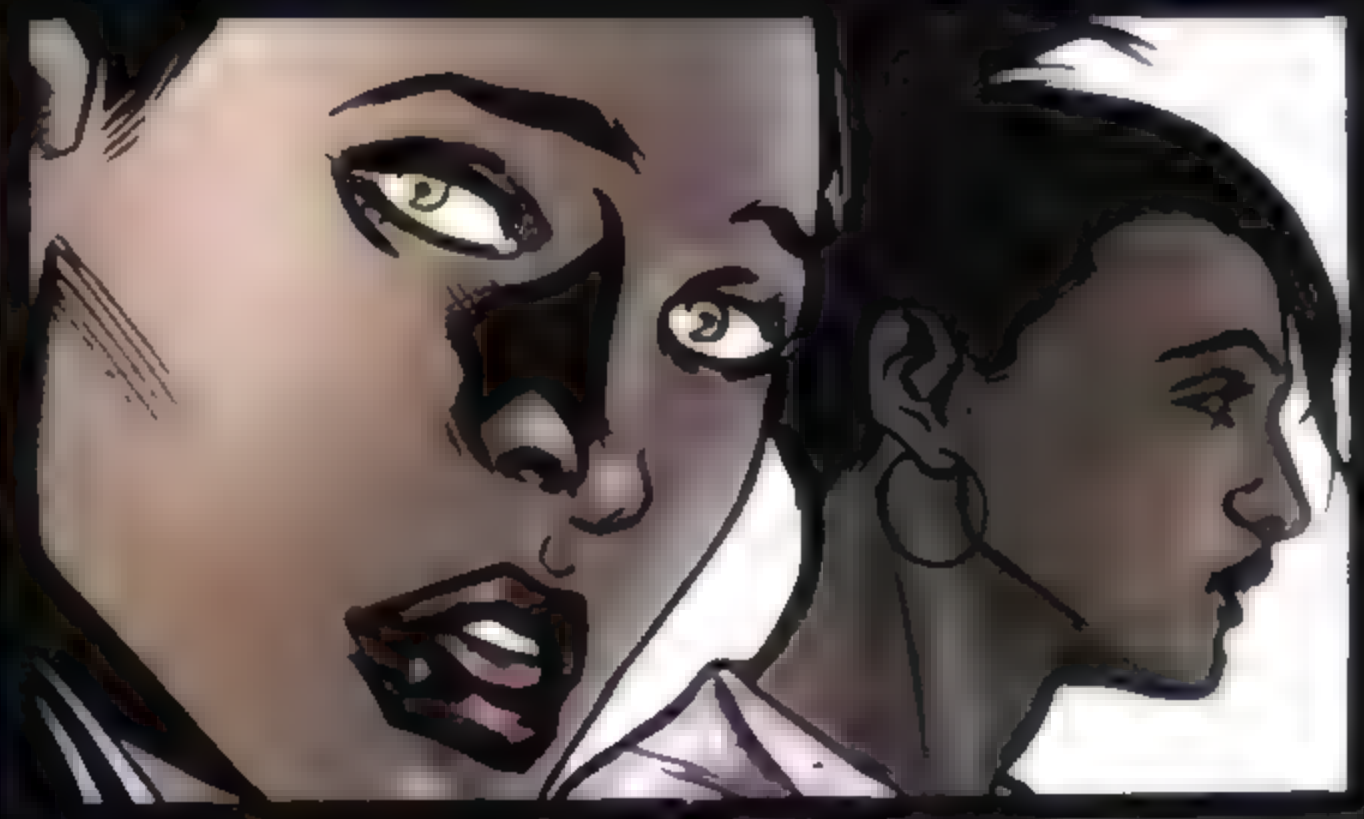
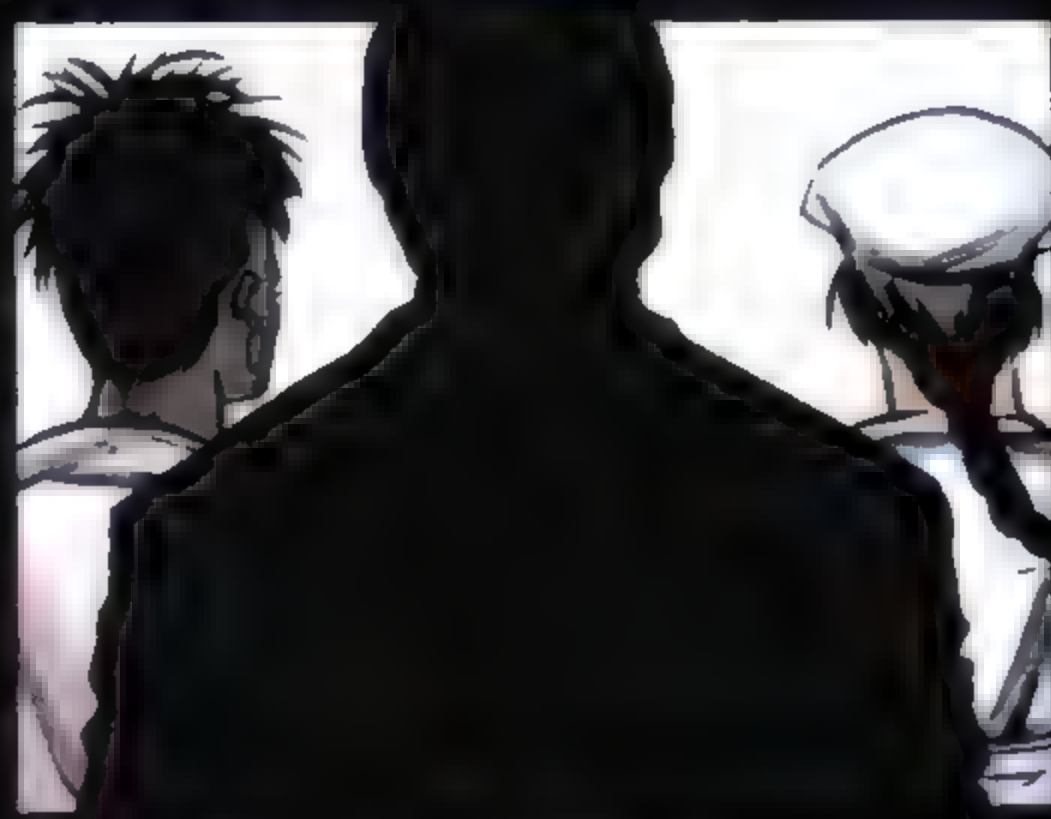
.. OH ..







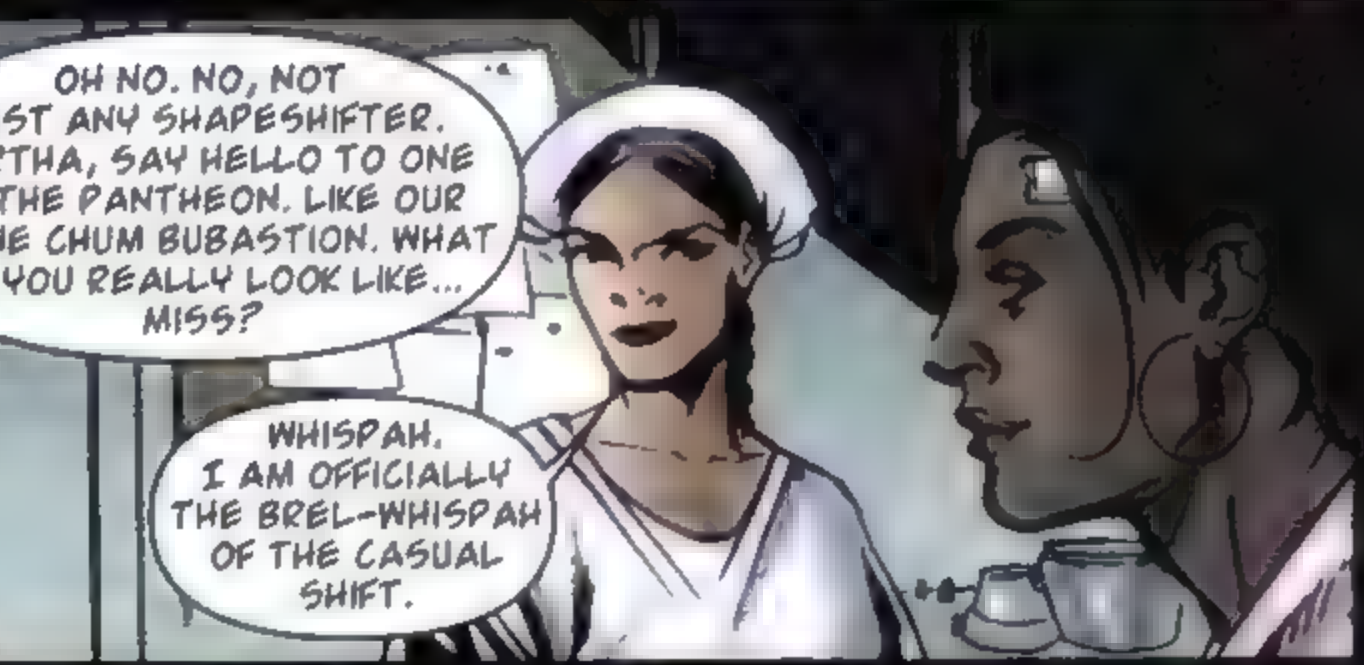
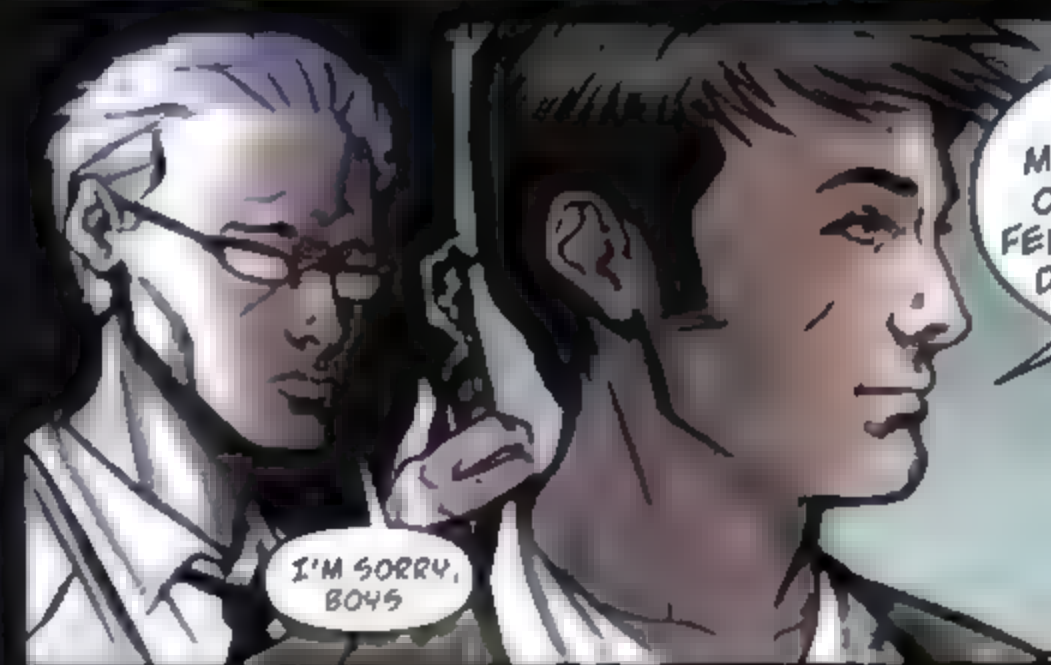
YOU
THINK?



GOOD TO SEE
YOU ON YOUR
FEET, MARTHA
JONES. HOW'S
THE HEAD?

SPINNING.
ACHING. AND
BEWILDERED.

AND SHE'S A
SHAPESHIFTING
ALIEN PRETENDING
TO BE NURSE
NANCY.

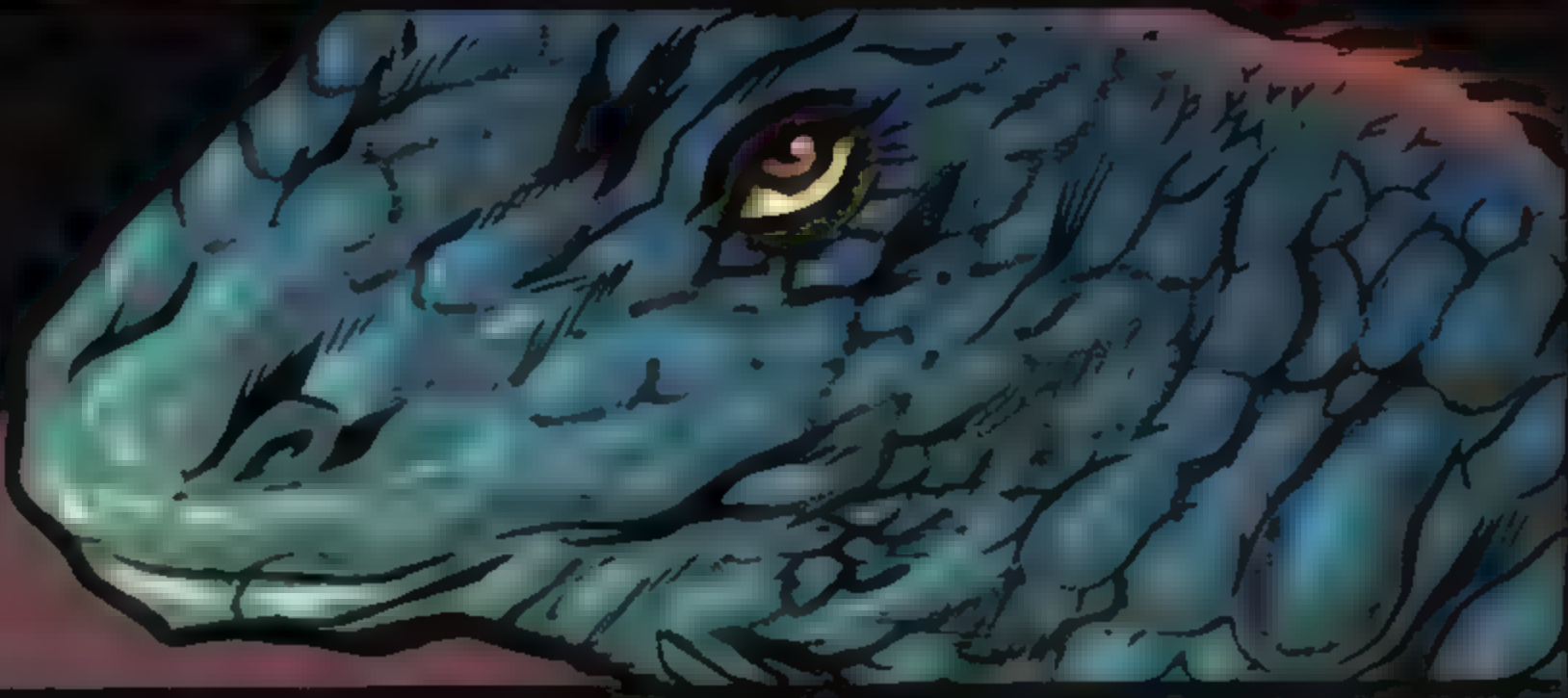


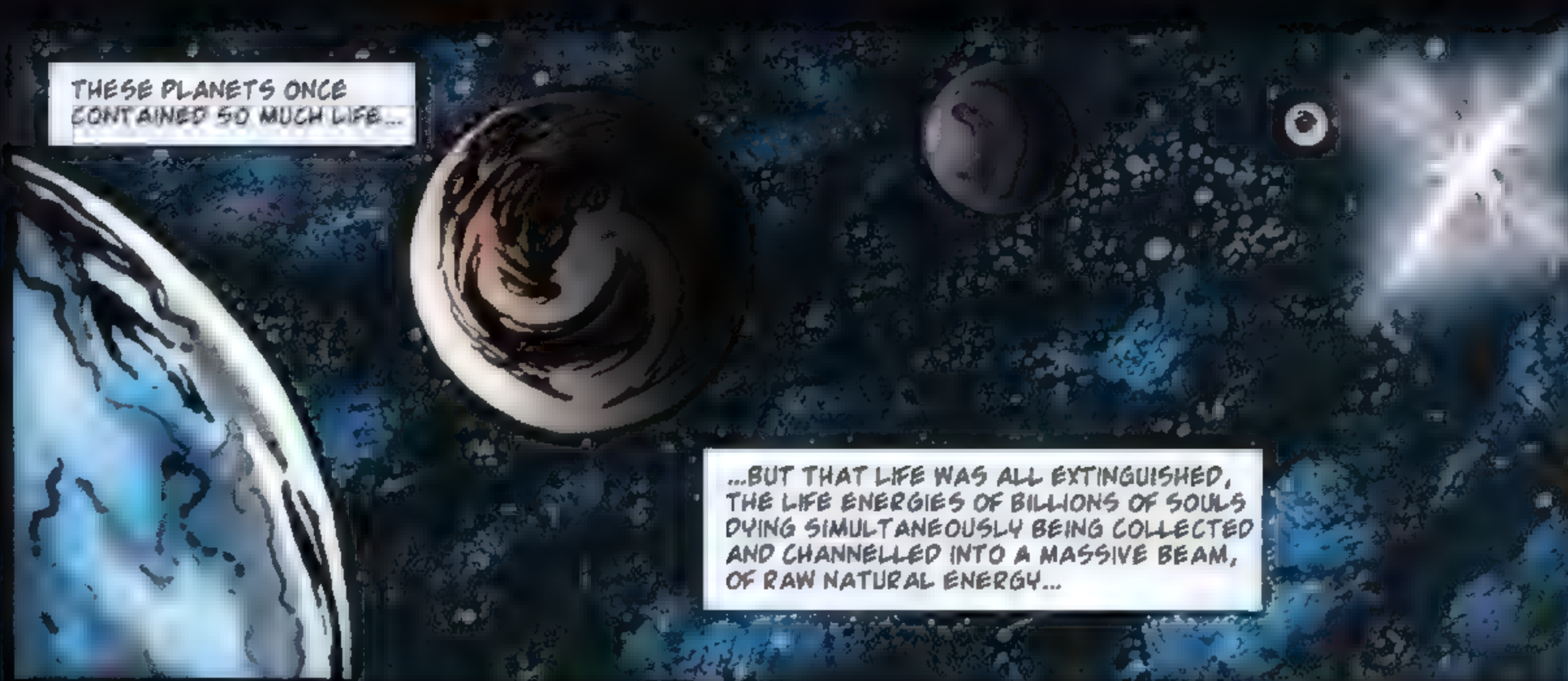
OH NO. NO, NOT
JUST ANY SHAPESHIFTER.
MARTHA, SAY HELLO TO ONE
OF THE PANTHEON. LIKE OUR
FELINE CHUM BUBASTION. WHAT
DO YOU REALLY LOOK LIKE...
MISS?

WHISPAH.
I AM OFFICIALLY
THE BREL-WHISPAH
OF THE CASUAL
SHIFT.

I'M SORRY,
BOYS

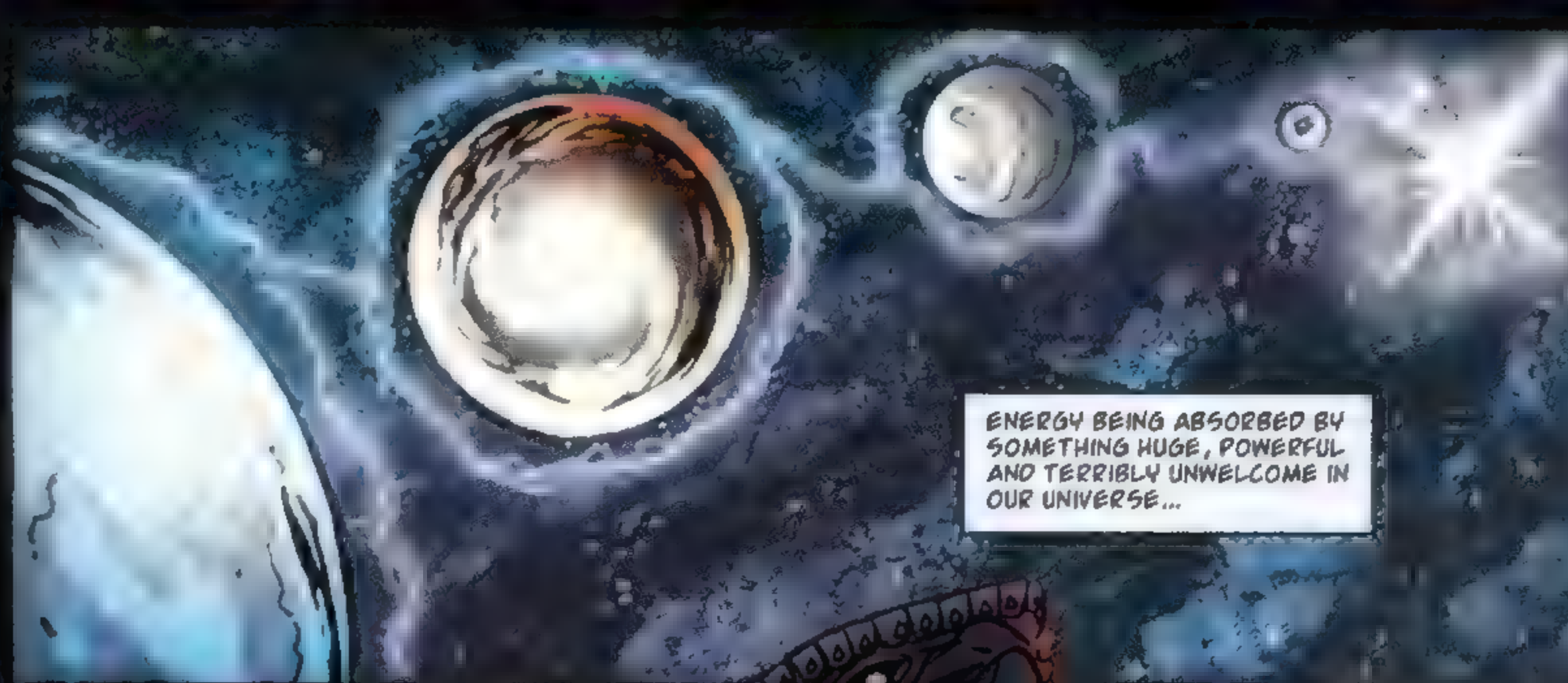
AND AS THE
CASUAL SHIFT'S
REPRESENTATIVE TO THE
PANTHEON OF CHAMPION
BEINGS, I REALLY NEED TO
KNOW WHY YOU ARE HERE ON
EARTH AND NOT SAFELY ON
OMPHALOS WHERE WE
ARRANGED FOR YOU
TO BE.





THESE PLANETS ONCE
CONTAINED SO MUCH LIFE...

...BUT THAT LIFE WAS ALL EXTINGUISHED,
THE LIFE ENERGIES OF BILLIONS OF SOULS
DYING SIMULTANEOUSLY BEING COLLECTED
AND CHANNELLED INTO A MASSIVE BEAM,
OF RAW NATURAL ENERGY...



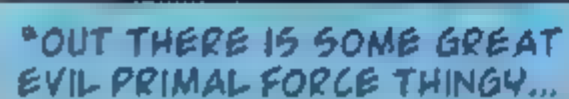
ENERGY BEING ABSORBED BY
SOMETHING HUGE, POWERFUL
AND TERRIBLY UNWELCOME IN
OUR UNIVERSE...



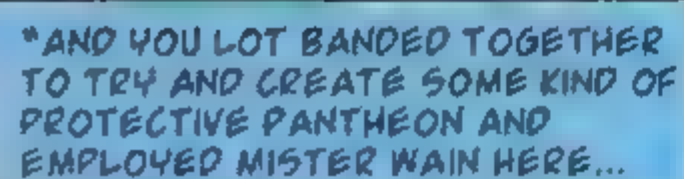
AND OUR UNIVERSE'S ONLY LINE
OF DEFENCE IS STUCK ON EARTH.
IN 1957. AND IT'S NOT HAPPY...



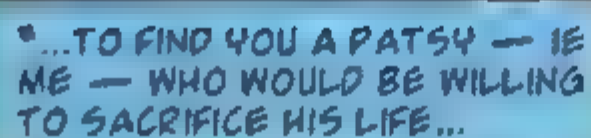
"SO, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT..."



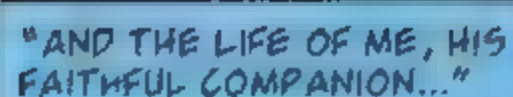
"OUT THERE IS SOME GREAT EVIL PRIMAL FORCE THINGY..."



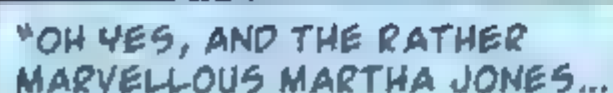
"AND YOU LOT Banded TOGETHER TO TRY AND CREATE SOME KIND OF PROTECTIVE PANTHEON AND EMPLOYED MISTER WAIN HERE..."



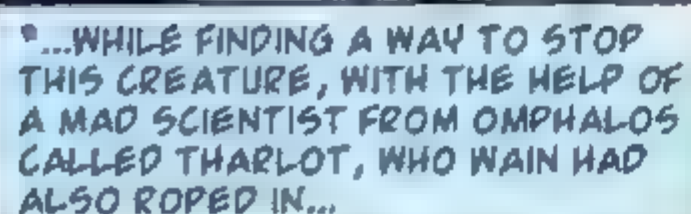
"...TO FIND YOU A PATSY — IE ME — WHO WOULD BE WILLING TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE..."



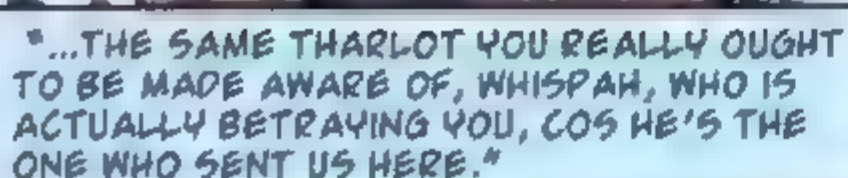
"AND THE LIFE OF ME, HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION..."



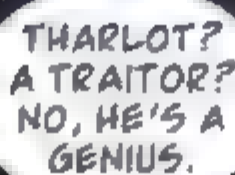
"OH YES, AND THE RATHER MARVELLOUS MARTHA JONES..."



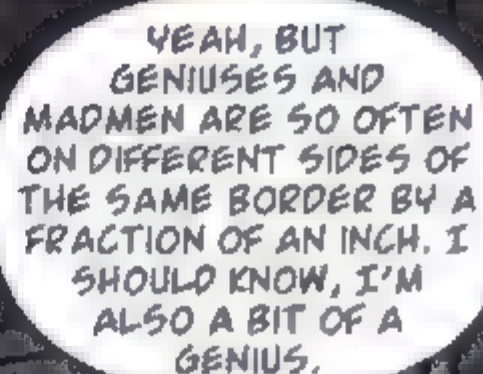
"...WHILE FINDING A WAY TO STOP THIS CREATURE, WITH THE HELP OF A MAD SCIENTIST FROM OMPHALOS CALLED THARLOT, WHO WAIN HAD ALSO ROPED IN..."



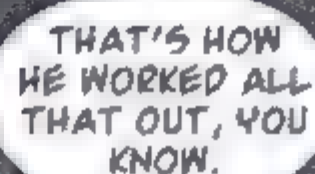
"...THE SAME THARLOT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO BE MADE AWARE OF, WHISPAH, WHO IS ACTUALLY BETRAYING YOU, COS HE'S THE ONE WHO SENT US HERE."



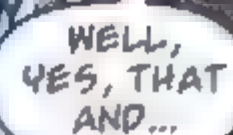
THARLOT?
A TRAITOR?
NO, HE'S A
GENIUS.



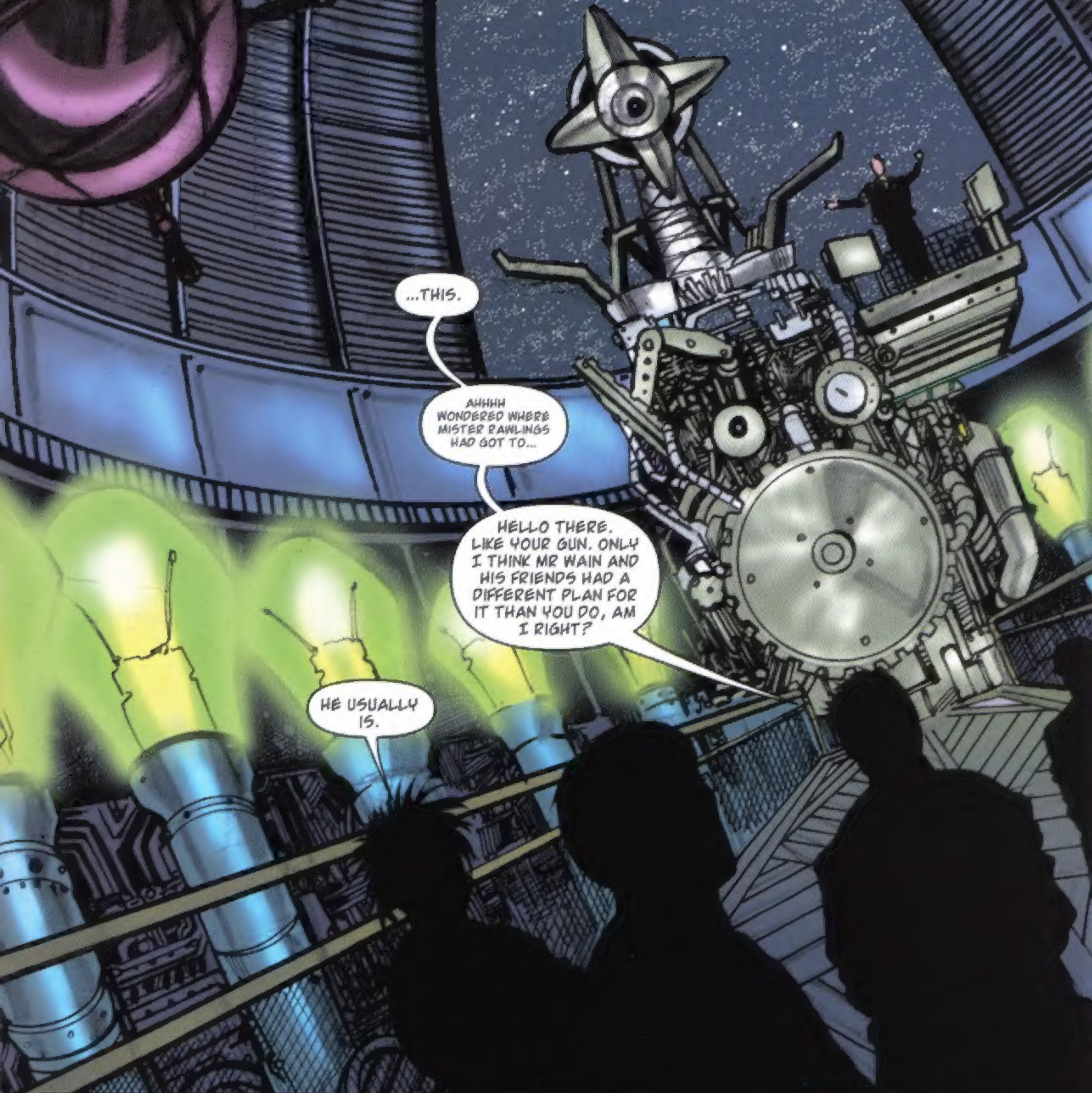
YEAH, BUT
GENIUSES AND
MADMEN ARE SO OFTEN
ON DIFFERENT SIDES OF
THE SAME BORDER BY A
FRACTION OF AN INCH. I
SHOULD KNOW, I'M
ALSO A BIT OF A
GENIUS.



THAT'S HOW
HE WORKED ALL
THAT OUT, YOU
KNOW.



WELL,
YES, THAT
AND...



...THIS.

AHHH
WONDERED WHERE
MISTER RAWLINGS
HAD GOT TO...

HELLO THERE.
LIKE YOUR GUN. ONLY
I THINK MR WAIN AND
HIS FRIENDS HAD A
DIFFERENT PLAN FOR
IT THAN YOU DO, AM
I RIGHT?

HE USUALLY
IS.



"I SENT YOU HERE, DOCTOR..."

"...BECAUSE YOU HAVE
SOMETHING I NEED.



"SO HAND IT OVER, PLEASE..."



AND WHY
WOULD I DO
THAT,
THARLOT?

BECAUSE I'M IN
CONTROL OF THIS
RATHER NIFTY SONIC
CANNON-THING THE BRITISH
MILITARY HAVE BUILT (WITH
A BIT OF HELP FROM YOURS
TRULY, OBVIOUSLY) AND IT
CAN DO THIS.



"WHO'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES?"

"OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LUCK?"

VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

"FIRE!!"

TO BE CONCLUDED!

"WHO'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES?"

"OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LUCK?"

VREEEEEEEE

"FIRE!!"

TO BE CONCLUDED!

"WHO'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES?"

"OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LUCK?"

VREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

"FIRE!!"

TO BE CONCLUDED!

"WHO'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES?"

"OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LUCK?"

VREEEEEEEE

"FIRE!!"

TO BE CONCLUDED!

"WHO'S NEXT, THEN? DOCTOR? MISS JONES?"

"OR SHALL WE LEAVE IT TO POT LUCK?"

VREEEEEEEE

"FIRE!!"

TO BE CONCLUDED!



NEXT MONTH IN:
ISSUE #6

W
\$3.99

NICK K

NICK
ROCHE
2008